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HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR CASH  
OR GRADUAL PAYMENTS.

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REQUIRED. 250Any amount per week, or other periodical  
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LONDON, SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1908.

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## Strong Healthy Children

are the pride of their parents and may  
be so reared by the use of that old and  
well-tried friend of over 50 years' re-  
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FOODNEAVE'S FOOD is a Perfectly Safe  
Food for the youngest and most delicate  
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It assists Teething, is a valuable Bone-  
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COMPLETE DIET FOR INFANTS.Sold in 1/- and 2/6 Tins;  
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Trotter, N. 10, 11, & 12, Tottenham Court  
Road, N. 1, or R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge,  
via Salisbury.

## WORK WILL WIN.

GOOD PROSPECTS  
AT PECKHAM.

## UNIONIST ENTHUSIASM.

(Special to "The People.")

To-morrow the writ will be moved  
for in the House of Commons for the  
Peckham division, to fill the vacancy  
caused by the death of Mr. Goddard  
Clarke, M.P. (R.). The polling will  
probably take place to-morrow (Mon-  
day) week.

## MR. GOOCH HOPEFUL.

Yesterday was a day of incessant  
and apparently unvarying political  
activity in Peckham. From morning  
till night meetings were in progress  
all over the constituency, and party  
workers were busily engaged in con-  
vincing the electors on behalf of their  
respective candidates.Please say that I feel very greatly  
encouraged in my task by the splen-  
did enthusiasm with which the  
Unionists of the division have en-  
tered upon the contest. It is a  
heavy undertaking that lies before us  
—that of winning a majority of some  
3,000 votes—but I am  
hopeful that we shall succeed.This was the brief, but pregnant,  
message which the Unionist candi-  
date, Mr. H. C. Gooch, gave to a re-  
presentative of "The People" last  
evening as he was leaving his central  
committee rooms. Mr. Gooch added  
that it would be superfluous at this  
stage to say anything in an interview  
about his attitude towards the three  
great questions of the moment—  
fiscal reform, licensing and educa-  
tion—for his views upon these and  
other subjects had already been set  
forth in his address. But he did  
want to emphasise the supreme im-  
portance of work that alone would  
render victory possible.The spirit of victory.  
While careful to avoid the pitfall of  
over-confidence the Unionist candi-  
date is pursuing his campaign with  
the buoyancy and energy of one who  
means to win, and the spirit of his  
leader has communicated itself to  
his supporters. The canvassing re-  
turns up to the present are of a most  
encouraging character and afford much  
justification for the hopeful view that  
—taken of Unionist prospects.Under the direction of Mr. D. Vickery  
the party organisation is working  
well, and valuable assistance is being  
received from outside the constitu-  
ency, the list of those who are so  
helping including ladies of the Prime-  
minister's League and the Women's Lib-  
eral Unionist Council. Open-air meetings  
are being conducted by the Tariff  
Reform League, the Peckham Liberal  
Unionist Association, and the agent  
in charge of the Dulwich Conserva-  
tive van, Mr. Enfield. Several of  
these were held yesterday, and two  
were particularly successful—one  
at the Peckham railway station, and  
another in the afternoon at the top  
of Rye-lane. In the course of the  
day Mr. McCalland, of the Primrose  
League; Mr. Wilfrid Gales, of the  
Conservative Central Office; and Mr.  
J. W. Greening and Mr. MacLachlan,  
from the Liberal Unionist head-  
quarters, paid a visit to the local  
committee rooms.

## Tracing Removals.

The large number of removals (about  
2,500 altogether) to be accounted for  
on a total register of 14,615 has excited  
a good deal of surprise. It is ex-  
plained by the process of change which  
has been going on in Peckham for  
some years past, and is not confined  
to any one section of the population,  
but common to all. Every effort is  
being made to trace these "re-  
movals," and up to last night more  
than half the number had been found.  
It is particularly desired that every  
Unionist who has left Peckham since  
last year should send a post-  
card to another, should send a post-  
card notifying his change of address  
to the Conservative and Unionist  
Central Committee rooms, 139, High-  
street, Peckham. It is estimated that  
fully 50 per cent. of those who have  
removed are gone to places within  
easy distance, so that there should be  
little or no difficulty in getting them  
to the poll.Teachers' Association and Mr.  
Gautrey.A good deal of feeling has been  
aroused amongst members of the  
teaching profession by the circum-  
stances attending the recent meeting  
of the London Teachers' Association,  
at which sanction was given to Mr.  
Gautrey, who is secretary of the as-  
sociation, to accept nomination as  
Radical candidate for Peckham.  
It is complained that as the  
Association professes to be a non-  
political body—including as it does  
Conservatives as well as Liberals  
amongst its members—the secretary  
should not have been "lent to the  
Radicals," as one teacher of long-  
standing puts it; and further that a  
matter of this sort should certainly  
not have been decided by a hurriedly  
summoned meeting at which only  
about 300 members were present out  
of a total of 14,000. As it was, the  
resolution authorising Mr. Gautrey  
to accept the Liberal nomination  
was carried by a majority of less  
than 50 votes.

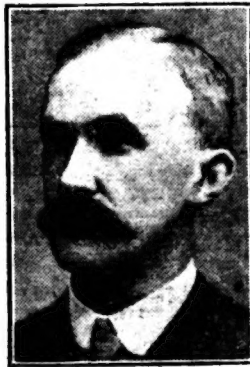
## Night's Meetings.

Last night Mr. Gooch addressed a  
couple of successful meetings—one atthe Arthur-street Schools and the  
other at the St. Chrysostom Church  
Hall, at which he was supported by  
Mr. Clavell Salter, K.C., M.P., Sir  
J. Randles, M.P., and other speakers.  
The Radical candidate does not  
open his platform campaign until  
to-morrow night, when he will be as-  
sisted by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., but  
two or three open-air meetings were  
held by his supporters yesterday.  
The Suffragists also had several open-  
air gatherings, and in the evening  
Miss Christabel Pankhurst addressed a  
meeting of teachers. An element of  
humour has been brought into the  
contest by the arrival of the redoubt-  
able Mr. Hunnabell, who spoke last  
evening at the top of Rye-lane, and  
had a rather lively altercation with  
one or two Socialists in the crowd.

## No Third Candidate Probable.

Much curiosity prevails as to the line  
of action the Social Democratic Fed-  
eration and the Independent Labour  
Party may elect to pursue, in view of  
the fate which befell the Unemploy-  
ment Bill in Parliament. Their de-  
cision is to be arrived at to-day. In-  
quiry in a thoroughly reliable quar-  
ter last night elicited the information  
that there will be no third candidate,  
but that, whatever course be decided  
upon, the Socialist vote will not be  
given to the Liberal candidate.

## To-day's Demonstration.

This afternoon the centre of in-  
terest will be Peckham Rye, where aMR. H. C. GOOCH (U.).  
(Photo, White.)great demonstration organised by the  
licensed trade is to be held at four  
o'clock to protest against the Govern-  
ment Licensing Bill. An hour earlier  
the Suffragists are to have a demon-  
stration in favour of "Votes for  
Women."

## CHEQUES RETURNED.

INTERVIEW WITH THE UNIONIST  
CANDIDATE.Two cheques of 50 guineas and £21  
were sent by the chairman of Meux's  
Brewery Co. to the Conservative  
agent towards the funds of the local  
Association, and to assist in defeating  
the Licensing Bill. These cheques  
were promptly returned. Interviewed  
last evening, Mr. Gooch said: "I al-  
ways pay my own expenses, always  
have done, and always shall do. Of  
course, the cheques will be returned at  
once. I do not think the people who  
sent it really understood quite what  
the position was. If I cannot run my  
own battle I shall retire from  
politics." The "People" representa-  
tive said the two cheques and the  
letter with which they were  
returned. This read:To the chairman of Meux's  
Brewery Co.—Dear Sir, I beg to ac-  
knowledge receipt of your contribu-  
tion. I desire, however, to point  
out that I always pay my own ex-  
penses, so as to leave myself free  
to take whatever line I deem neces-  
sary. For this reason I am bound  
to return your cheques, and feel  
sure you will understand my reason-  
ing. I oppose the Licensing Bill  
because in my view it is a thor-  
oughly bad Bill, and have declared  
my opposition to it accordingly. As  
this matter has been already dis-  
cussed in the Press I am communi-  
cating this letter to the Press at  
once.—Yours truly,  
H. C. Gooch.The figures at the General Election  
were:—

Mr. C. G. Clarke (R.)..... 5,303

Sir F. Banbury (U.)..... 3,564

Radical Majority..... 2,339

## CLUBS AND THE BILL.

RESOLUTIONS OF PROTEST  
UNANIMOUSLY PASSED.A meeting was held at Kettering  
yesterday of the Northamptonshire  
branch of the Working Men's Club  
Union, when members attended from  
32 clubs, representing a membership  
of 12,000. Resolutions were unani-  
mously passed condemning the pro-  
posal to subordinate clubs to the licen-  
sing justices, the power accorded to  
the justices to remove a club for  
years for a single offence, the police  
entry of clubs, and the limitation of  
the supply of drink to large quan-  
tities only. Such proposals, it was  
declared, were pure "class" legisla-  
tion. A further resolution was  
passed asking the Home Secretary to  
lay before the House of Commons a  
statement as to the hours of opening  
and closing of all English clubs.THE PLIGHT IN CELL.  
Barrister-at-Law, Mr. J. R. G. Jones,  
has been committed to the House of  
Detention for 14 days, for failing to  
appear at the trial of a man named  
James Smith, who was charged with  
the murder of a woman named Mary  
Ann, who was found dead in a room  
in the Strand, on the 12th inst.

## WIFE'S DOWNFALL.

DRINK, POETRY AND  
MISCONDUCT.

## AMUSING EVIDENCE.

In the Divorce Division yesterday  
Justice Baggallay heard before him  
the petition of Mrs. H. Higgins, for  
the dissolution of the marriage by reason  
of the adultery of her husband, Elia  
Ann, with the co-respondent, Jno.  
Minor, a tailor, of Cardiff. Minor,  
who is a cripple, defended the case  
in person, and occupied a seat at the  
solicitor's table, where he cross-  
examined all the witnesses at great  
length. The marriage took place in  
1883 at Cardiff, and there were nine  
children. Husband and wife lived  
happily together until she gave way  
to drink, consequently he refused to  
live with her. He made her an al-  
lowance of £5 a week. Subsequently  
they again lived together until 1903,  
when he took out a summons against  
her. The magistrates found that she  
was an habitual drunkard, and  
granted petitioner a separation.

## A Girl Being.

A daughter of petitioner said that  
after the separation she went to live  
with her mother. Co-respondent was  
a frequent visitor, and used to be  
alone with her mother. Once her  
mother changed her blouse in front  
of co-respondent. She told her she  
ought to be ashamed of herself. Co-  
respondent asked her if she was  
aware of the punishment for perjury,  
and she replied in the negative,  
whereupon he said, "I am afraid you  
will know." He put further ques-  
tions to her, and ultimately said,  
"You are one heap of perjury."  
(Laughter.) Evidence was given of  
the frequent visits of co-respondent  
to respondent, and of their being alone  
together with the door locked. It ap-  
peared that there were festivities on  
New Year's Day, and one of the wit-  
nesses said Mr. Minor sang the  
chorus of a song which referred to  
"a girl being lonely" (laughter),  
and Mrs. Higgins joined in "and did  
a jig" (laughter).

## Talks About Scriptures.

The co-respondent questioned the  
witness closely, and she admitted  
having talks with him about Scrip-  
ture, and as to what was really the  
seventh day, and that he brought a  
pamphlet, "The Present Truth."  
For the defence, respondent was  
called. She said she was 48 years of  
age, and had 13 children. She  
declared that she was an innocent  
woman, adding that she would not do  
wrong "with a poor cripple like that."  
(pointing to the co-respondent). As to  
the New Year's party, she said that  
the names were sung, and she had  
ever kissed the co-respondent, she  
said, "I would not kiss him for £50."  
(Laughter.) The co-respondent was  
called, and said he was 30 years of  
age. He was married, and had eight  
children. One of his limbs was paral-  
ysed, and was gradually wasting  
away, and he had to hobble with  
sticks. He and petitioner belonged to  
the same denomination—the Plym-  
outh Brethren. He denied that he  
had ever kissed Mrs. Higgins or mis-  
conducted himself with her. Ques-  
tioned about the singing on New  
Year's Day, he said that he only  
joined in the chorus.

## When There's Not a Girl About.

It ran:—

When there's not a girl about

You feel lonely.

When there's not a girl about

You call your only.

You are absolutely on the shelf.

And don't know what to do with  
yourself.

When there isn't a girl about

(Laughter.)—Witness said he did not  
call that indecent.—In the result his  
lordship came to the conclusion that  
petitioner had established his case,  
and granted him a decree nisi, with  
costs.

## £275 DAMAGES.

At Leeds Assizes, yesterday, Hiram  
Pickles, a compositor, of Uxbridge,  
sued the Halifax Corporation for  
damages. Plaintiff signalled for a  
tramcar to stop and the driver re-  
fused speed. Pickles had one foot  
on the step when the speed was in-  
creased, and he was thrown into  
the road, and became permanently  
incapacitated through injury to the  
right leg. The evidence was contrib-  
utory negligence.—Plaintiff was  
awarded £275.NORFOLK CABINET RESERVES.  
At a meeting of the Norfolk County  
Council, held at the County Hall, which  
was held at the County Hall, the  
Council resolved that the Norfolk  
County Council should not support  
the Norfolk County Council's  
candidate for the Norfolk County  
Council, but should support the  
candidate of the Norfolk County  
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## THE FEAST OF VENGEANCE

By KIT DEALTRY.

Author of "The Fatal Kiss," "Sin of Silence," "The Cipher Skull," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HASTY BARGAIN.

For fully ten seconds not a sound was uttered.

The women were speechless with fear. The man was silent as he took in every detail of the strange, unexpected scene.

Through the rest of her life Dolores retained the vision of Jacob Mosenkrook as he stood there behind him; she remembered that he had worn a great flashing diamond on his evening shirt front, and that his cheeks were very flushed, and that his eyes were bleared as though he had been drinking to excess.

It was he who broke the silence.

What the silence—no, he had not.

But he proceeded no further, for his voice galvanised Dolores into action.

There's not time to explain anything now, Mr. Mosenkrook, she said rapidly. Sir Gavin Tregaskis has met with an accident. We need a doctor at once.

The man bent over the body.

But too late for a doctor, I fancy!

Mrs. Despard fell back in her chair fainting.

Jacob Mosenkrook glanced at her.

Get your mother to bed, he said to Dolores. I'll see if I can do anything for the poor beggar.

But I must—

Get her to bed, he interrupted in a rough, commanding voice.

Dolores obeyed like a child. Why, she was never able to tell; and that she did so she was always destined to regret.

When she came from her mother's bedroom alone a few minutes later she found Jacob Mosenkrook kneeling by Sir Gavin, holding up the wound on his head with a white linen cloth he had taken from a table and which he had torn into strips.

Lucky thing I'm a bit of a doctor myself, he murmured placidly.

Otherwise it would have been a damned serious for you both.

Then he isn't dead? asked Dolores, with a sudden hope.

Well, he's deuced near it, was the answer, and I don't think there's the ghost of a chance. But I'll do what I can—for your sake, see, my dear?

Dolores nodded mutely. She could not speak. She was so cold and dazed that she could scarcely see him.

He went to the door, opened it, and looked cautiously out, then returned.

The best thing will be to get him into my room, he said. I'm not far off—four doors up—number 50. There's no one about. If you help me we can get him in there without any one knowing.

Oh, no, no, no, cried the girl. Don't ask me to touch him!

You must! he said sternly. Don't you understand why? If he lies and he's found here, there'll be an inquiry, and you will have to give evidence. Your mother will be called upon to explain, and—

He mustn't be found here, she put in excitedly. Oh, God, anywhere but here!

Then you must help me to get him to my room.

Yes, I will. I will. But oh, how horrible it is!

She grew almost mad, for he had brought her to the peril in which her mother stood.

I'll do anything—anything! she repeated.

Then take hold of his feet—

During the ensuing quarter of an hour, Dolores was as wax in Jacob Mosenkrook's hands. She neither thought nor spoke. Everything he told her she did, quietly and promptly, and with a self-control that was unlike anything Jacob Mosenkrook had ever witnessed.

It was not until she was back in the sitting-room alone, waiting for the man to come to her, that full consciousness of the situation returned.

Like an avalanche then it fell upon her.

In the adjoining room her mother lay in a kind of stupor, while Dolores looked through the face.

Sir Gavin Tregaskis, whom she believed her mother had known by name only, had come there at midnight, and there had been a difference of opinion between them.

A difference of opinion? It had been called. Yet it had resulted in this!

And Jacob Mosenkrook knew.

In Jacob Mosenkrook's room Sir Gavin was now lying. Alive or dead Dolores knew not. She could only sit there praying with all her might as never had she prayed before.

It was not really long, but it seemed hours, before Jacob Mosenkrook came to her.

He looked at her fearfully.

Well—she asked.

I'm afraid he's done for! was the brutally abrupt reply.

Dolores turned from him and stared before her. Her lips parted, but no sound came.

The man crossed the room and picked up something from the floor.

It was Mrs. Despard's gold chain, and it was stained with blood.

What did the business. Weighs enough, in all conscience, too! No wonder the poor beggar's gone to glory!

The words entered Dolores' ears as from afar. Still she did not speak.

Jacob Mosenkrook glanced at her, placed the parcel on the table and walked over to the couch where she was sitting.

Look here, he said, touching her arm. I've got to know everything about this affair. It's a damned serious thing, you know, and it'll have to be handled carefully. Who was this fellow, eh?

You know already, answered the girl tonelessly. His name was Sir Gavin Tregaskis.

Sir Gavin Tregaskis, eh? What, the fellow who made all that stir in the Richmond case? They were going

to make him President of the Divorce Court in a month or two. For devil's sake, he'll have to look for promotion in another world now, won't he?

Dolores shivered and closed her eyes.

An old friend of yours? asked Mosenkrook.

No, I—I've never spoken to him, said the girl.

But your mother knew him, of course?

I suppose so.

Oh, come, you must have known. Hasn't he been here before?

Not to my knowledge.

He was stopping with an aunt or something—she has that pretty Villa d'Or at Beaulieu, said Mosenkrook.

A bachelor and rolling in money,

it was he who broke the silence.

they say. Good-looking chap, too, wasn't he?

Only another shiver from Dolores answered him. A pause; then the man touched her arm again.

Here, wake up. The night's getting on, you know, and something's got to be done.

Oh, what can we do? cried the girl with a sudden rush of despair.

You want me to help you, of course? Well, I'm willing to do what I can, in spite of the bad way you've treated me.

Dolores lifted an anguished face to him. His tone was rough but kind. It made her wonder whether she had misjudged him. Had he, after all, a heart of gold beneath that repellent, vulgar personality which had made her hate him to her eyes.

The tears sprang to her eyes.

Oh, if you would indeed help us, she cried almost humbly, I would do anything for you in return—yes, anything!

But do you understand that in order to help your mother out of this, I shall have to commit a crime myself?

You—commit a crime?

Do you know the penalty a person has to pay for being accessory after the fact?

She gazed at him perplexedly.

I'll tell you. He went on. "I can be convicted and put in prison just as though I had had a hand in this fellow's death. I should be entirely ruined. Not even my money could help me. I could never show my face in any decent place again, for I should be looked upon as a person who had helped to commit a murder."

Murder! Dolores gasped. But it wasn't murder. It was an accident. Yes, it was—oh, believe that! This man—this man insulted my mother. She threw that purse at him in self-defence. It wasn't murder. It was an accident—an accident!

Jacob Mosenkrook smiled grimly.

It wouldn't be any use to tell the

man what had happened, said the girl in a hollow tone. "What did Jacob Mosenkrook do about Sir Gavin?"

We carried him into Mr. Mosenkrook's room, Dolores replied.

Can't tell what is to happen now. But you and I are to know nothing. Remember that, mother—what ever happens, we know nothing."

The woman sat down on the bed beside her, holding one hand to her throbbing head.

Is he dead? she asked.

Dolores nodded slowly.

Dead! My God!

Sir Gavin Tregaskis was dead, and she had killed him.

Her eyes glared with the terror of one already sentenced to pay the penalty of such a crime.

She had killed a human being—she who had never harmed the meanest of God's creatures, who would have died herself rather than do this thing.

She sat quite still, body and brain encompassed by the one reflection—she had killed a man.

Don't look like that, mother, said Dolores husky voice. "Mr. Mosenkrook has promised me one shall know. He will arrange everything—he said he would."

Arrange everything? The woman laughed in her despair. "Dolores, he can arrange nothing. No one can undo what I have done. No one can save me from the consequences of my own act—though God knows I did not mean to kill Sir Gavin."

Mr. Mosenkrook can save you. He will, said the girl.

The truth must come out—do you suppose that the whole world won't know how that man died?

Oh, don't, mother, don't! Mr. Mosenkrook is going to do everything. I have undertaken to trust him and to make you trust him. I have also promised that we shall go about and behave just as if nothing had happened.

Behave as if nothing had hap-

pened! Dolores, is Jacob Mosenkrook mad, or is he a man of wood?

And what does he think we are, that he can tell us to go about and play and sing and dance when Sir Gavin lies there dead—murdered by me!

Not murdered. You did not murder him, said Dolores. "It was an accident—you might have done the same thing to me if I had made you so angry. Ah, no, never, never say that, mother—Sir Gavin was not murdered by you."

Silence followed on the impassioned words; and gradually the new day filled the room with light. A slant of golden sunshine came in through the open window. Birds chirruping and human voices could be heard outside.

Are you sure, said Mrs. Despard presently, that Jacob Mosenkrook will be able to arrange everything?

Quite sure, Dolores answered, with a new throb of pain.

He must care for you very greatly, said the mother. "He must love you dearly to take such a fearful risk as this!"

Dolores made no reply. Mrs. Despard looked at her, and for the first time noted the abject misery on her face.

Did he ask for anything in return? she questioned.

Oh, yes, said the girl bitterly. "Men don't do things without demanding something in return!"

Did he ask you again to—to—

To marry him? Yes.

And you—

I consented.

To save me, you consented to marry a man you hate?

The girl miserably. "I hated him, he—he would have told the manager. He would have done his duty, as he put it, and his duty was to call the manager and leave it to him. Then there was the purse."

He said he would see to all that."

The wretched woman groaned.

Oh, child, child, she said, "who could have dreamed that such a thing would happen to us!"

Her daughter scarcely heard her. She was wondering how she could tell her mother that although she had agreed to Jacob Mosenkrook's terms, she could not fulfil her word.

And to save me you must marry the man you hate? moaned Mrs. Despard again. "But not only to save me—to save yourself and your name and your position, to keep your name fair and spotless, to prevent the world from turning its back on you as the daughter of a criminal. This also is why you must marry this man."

But I can't marry him, said Dolores at last. "Oh, mother, to save you or myself, or any one, I can never be Jacob Mosenkrook's wife."

You might grow to like him, said her mother, desperately. "Perhaps he isn't such a man as we think. He might be a good husband, and he has plenty of money. You might care for him in time."

I can't marry him, repeated the girl, with a sob.

But think, Dolores. What will happen if you go back on your word now? Shall he be tried for murder or, at least, for manslaughter, and oh, I don't think what the end of it would be.

Another sob from Dolores.

Mother, don't you understand that if I could, I would marry this man to save you—even if he were the vilest of the vile—but it's impossible."

Yes, mother, said Dolores, not daring to meet the woman's eyes. "Impossible, because I am already married!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE WIRELESS MESSAGE.

Mrs. Despard repeated the word, "Married!"

breathing quickly, her voice hoarse with incredulity, fear, and a dozen other emotions.

Yes, I am Captain Aynescombe's wife, said Dolores.

Dolores began to explain hurriedly.

I was married to him the day before he went to India last June. Mother, don't look like that. Forgive me. Oh, how could I know that such a thing as this would happen, and I loved him! I loved him with all my heart!"

Tell me about it, demanded the woman harshly.

You remember last Christmas when you couldn't have me home?" said Dolores.

Yes—I was without money—I remember, replied Mrs. Despard.

And you wrote telling me I should have to remain at school for the holidays.

The lady Principal knew my position and offered to keep you with her. Yes—go on.

Well, as you know, Ellida Grey, my schoolmate, asked me to go home with her. You consented, and it was there that I met Captain Aynescombe.

He was also a guest for the Christmas holidays, and to make a long story short, we fell in love at once. Soon after that, you got money and sent for me, and I met Tony often at parties in town.

But if Captain Aynescombe loved you, why didn't he come to me and ask for you honourably?

Dolores flushed.

He couldn't. He did not dare to tell anyone of the understanding between us, because his guardian—to whom he was heir—had other views for him, and would have disinherited him."

His guardian! Who is his guardian, don't know, said the girl.

Tony never told me his name. He used to speak of him merely as "Guardian."

Well, go on, said Mrs. Despard.

So, continued Dolores, we promised to wait until his guardian could safely be approached on the subject. Then Tony's regiment was ordered out to India, and I went one afternoon to have tea with him and say good-bye. Tony had brought a special license with him, and asked me to marry him before he left.

And I did. That's all.

And you kept this from me—all these months?

I couldn't help it. . . I had to, for Tony's sake."

For Tony's sake? repeated her mother, wildly. Tony—whom you hadn't known more than a week?

And you wrote mother, who had brought you up and saved for you and suffered and suffered—was I to

count for nothing? Was I not fit to be trusted? Was I to be placed amongst the rest of the world and denied your confidence?"

Forgive me! entreated Dolores pitifully, but her mother went on.

Oh, we mothers! she cried.

Why do we make such sacrifices? Why do we give up our lives for our children? Every thought, every hope, every feeling I had, was devoted to you, Dolores. What I have gone through for your sake, how I have schemed to give you the best of life, you will never know. My very heart has been in trying to make you future—and this is my reward!

To be told that my child has deceived me, lied to me, deserted me for a mere stranger because she thinks that she loves him. Oh, I wish I had died, or that you had died, before this hour had come!

Dolores sat motionless, with bowed head.

And what is to become of us, continued Mrs. Despard, despairingly.

What are you going to say to Jacob Mosenkrook? How are you going to make him help me now?

I don't know! replied the girl with a sob. "I—I think I had bet-

ter say nothing at present. Oh, she added recklessly, "let us leave it to fate to decide, mother."

Yes, muttered the woman, pacing the room. That's the best thing. Say nothing. Say nothing!"

Suddenly Dolores began to weep violently.

Oh, Tony! she cried. "To think that I should ever be sorry for marrying you!"

Mrs. Despard looked at her.

Ah, you can cry! she said bitterly. "But you can't undo what you have done. When I am gone—and you are left without a penny—then you will know how ungrateful you have been. Not even the man who made you deceive me will care to acknowledge a wife whose mother has done what I have!"

Don't speak so! wept the girl.

Yet it was through you that I killed Sir Gavin, said her mother.

Through me? she echoed.

Through me, but you would not understand. It's no use talking. We must think what can be done, and how we can manage to keep Jacob Mosenkrook quiet."

Mother, tell me how it came about, implored the girl. "Tell me everything."

No, I can't. I—Oh, God! what a wretched failure I have made of it all!"

With a moan Mrs. Despard sat down again on the bed.

Dolores fell on her knees beside her.

Let's leave it to fate, she said again. "God knows you are innocent, and He will help us."

Her mother's head dropped on the girl's shoulder.

Dolores! Dolores! she cried brokenly.

For a long time they remained thus, Dolores smoothing her mother's

hair over and over again while she tried to think.

A silver clock on the dressing-table chimed the hour of eight, then nine; but still they did not move.

At last a knock at the door roused them, and Dolores rose, every limb trembling with a new fear.

You're called, in as natural a voice as she could command. "Who is it?"

Some flowers for mademoiselle, the femme de chambre answered.

Dolores unlocked the door and took the flowers in.

Bring café au lait for two, she told the maid.

Then she went back to the bed with a great bunch of carnations and roses in her arms. There was a card attached to them. She read the message on it.

A happy day to you, my beautiful From Jacob."

She dropped the card and the flowers as though they had stung her. Only too well did she comprehend the meaning of the gift. Jacob Mosenkrook meant to hold her to her

word; that day he would claim her as his promised wife. And she and her mother were to go about as usual and behave as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Come, mother, she said suddenly. "Remember the part we have to play. We must go out soon for our drive, and we must ask someone to lunch. No one must guess. . . no one must know. . . Why, she added with a piteous laugh, "I haven't changed my gown yet! And you, dearest, you must put on that new frock of yours, and make yourself beautiful, dear."

Mrs. Despard gained her feet and walked unsteadily to the door.

Yes, she said. "I'd better go and dress."

Remember, called Dolores, "remember that whatever happens, we know nothing."

I will remember. We know nothing, said Mrs. Despard, as though repeating a lesson.

When she had gone, Dolores began to make her toilette mechanically.

Tired out though she was, she tried to prepare herself for the terrible ordeal she had been called upon to face that day.

What would that day bring forth? Had Jacob Mosenkrook been able to arrange matters so that the truth would be hidden for ever? Would his money indeed enable him to save her mother from the consequences of that awful night?

Such questions as these recurred to her mind again and again, always to be chased away by one to which she could find no possible answer—this: What would Jacob Mosenkrook do when he knew that she could not tell her mother?

Oh, I was mad to say I'd marry him! she cried. "Mad and wicked if I deceived him. It wasn't fair—it wasn't right!"

And now, what was going to happen? Some words her mother had said haunted her. What had Mrs. Despard meant? "It was through you that I killed Sir Gavin?"

How could it be through her? Dolores could not understand.

She had never even spoken to Sir Gavin Tregaskis, though she had seen him often at different gatherings during the last London season. Moreover, she had never noticed her mother speaking to him; and once when she had alluded to the baronet, Mrs. Despard had denied any acquaintance with him.

Why, then, should this man have come to see her mother at midnight and quarrelled so desperately with her? And how could she, Dolores, have been the cause of that quarrel?

Night seemed to have fallen upon Dolores' life.

Her mother had once told her that she had christened her Dolores because she was the "child of sorrow."

How well the name fitted her now!

A lifetime of trouble had descended upon her in one single night, and the only man who could help her was thousands of miles away!

She was that man's wife. She loved him beyond all else in the world. It could never have seemed possible that she might regret having married him. Yet it had come to pass. She did regret it. She would have undone it, if she could, to become Jacob Mosenkrook's wife and save her mother.

But the sacrifice was not in her power. The marriage with Anthony Aynescombe, hurried though it had been on the eve of his departure, was legal and binding. Nothing could undo it—nothing short of death.

It was of this same marriage that Mrs. Despard was thinking.

The news had come on her like a bomb. It had shaken her even in the midst of her present terrible trouble.

Dolores had secretly married Anthony Aynescombe. She had actually loved him before she had made her debut into society; and her success, her jewels and clothes, the house-parties, the receptions, the trip to Monte Carlo, all these things which had cost her mother so dear, were wasted.

Mrs. Despard's heart was nearly breaking.

My God! she moaned, as she stared out into the fragrant morning. "What a pitiable mess I've made of things, and only yesterday I was congratulating myself on being clever!"

She recalled the scene, and shuddered.

What had Jacob Mosenkrook done with the body? What was he telling people? What would she have to face when she went down to the lounge that morning?

Know nothing. Behave as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Those were Mosenkrook's orders and they must be obeyed.

She, who had never bowed to any man's or woman's will, was now forced to obey this man like a child—Jacob Mosenkrook, whom she despised and scorned as the lowest of God's creatures.

But no other course was open to her. She was in his power.

Had indeed turned the tables on her! Her toilette completed, the unhappy woman forced herself to drink a cup of black coffee with a liqueur of cognac in it, then surveyed herself in the mirror.

She was exquisitely dressed in the new Parisian gown which Dolores had hidden her wear, but how ghastly she looked! Nothing could erase those deep, dark wells under her heavy eyes, nor hide the gray-white pallor of her cheeks.

Hastily she took from her drawer a long chiffon veil, and tied it over her rose-trimmed hat, so that it covered three-quarters of her face.

Then she sank into a chair to await her daughter, and tried to summon up that indomitable pluck which had carried her through more than one crisis before.

Presently Dolores came in.

She was fully dressed. A piece of tinted paper was fluttering in her fingers.

Mother! mother! she cried, hastening to her. "I have heard from my husband. He—he's coming home!"

Mrs. Despard gazed at her mutely. "He's on his way," the girl continued breathlessly. "This is a wireless message. His boat, the Oriana, is due at Plymouth to-morrow."

To-morrow?

Yes, oh, mother! Dolores gasped. "What is going to happen now?"

(To be Continued.)

## SIMPLE CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

A medical book just published describes a German doctor











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COOL AND DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT. Packed in Three Strengths. Mild (White Label), Medium (Red Label), Full (Green and Yellow Labels). ALL CIGARETTES. PRICE 5/- PER 100. HUTTON & CO., LONDON.

## IFF SEA SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE.

Great Offer by a Responsible Firm. It Costs you Nothing to Try. To any person who can supply the correct name of these two watches, I will send a beautiful puzzle. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5.

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, to Mr. IFF, 10, Grosvenor Gardens, London, W.1. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5. The puzzle is a solid gold watch, valued at £5.

Be Sure and read in our issue next week what it says respecting HUDSON'S SOAP.

## HUDSON'S SOAP

IT WILL REPAY YOU!

## TO-MORROW IS FOR THE YOUNG.

The future belongs to the young. Keep the children constantly nourished and physically fit. Let them eat plenty of dried currants, either alone or in cakes or puddings, for this fruit is nearly all nutriment. Search around wherever you will, pay away as much money as you will, you cannot find or purchase a food more nutritious than Currants.

Sir Francis Laking, the King's Doctor, has remarked of CURRANT BREAD that it contains sufficient nutriment to maintain the health and vigour of soldiers on the march or labourers in the fields. This excellent food has the additional advantage of being as appetising and attractive as it is nutritious.

Your Grocer has a supply of useful little Cookery Books, one of which will gladly give you. Ask for "CURRANTS" and you will receive a little book that will prove a real help to you in your everyday cooking.

## DRUCE SENSATION.

### ANOTHER WITNESS ARRESTED.

#### CHARGES OF PERJURY.

Both "Miss" Robinson and Mrs. Hamilton, the two witnesses arrested in connection with the Druce case, were again charged at Bow-st.—Sir Chas. Mathews, to whom Mrs. Hamilton listened with the closest attention, opened the case. "On Oct. 4, 1907," he began, "a small but select band might have been seen wending their way towards Marylebone Police Court. They consisted of Robt. Druce, a Huberman by birth and an American by nationalisation, and Miss Mary Robinson, who represented herself as a maiden lady, and the defendant, Margaret Jane Hamilton. Accompanying these three were Mr. G. Hollamby Druce, at one time a miner in Australia, but in October of last year posing as the claimant to the title of the Duke of Portland. And these persons were met on the way to the police court by a solicitor of the name of Coburn, who came from as far as Australia, and by a solicitor of the name of Kember, who came from as near as London. They came as strangers, and under the circumstances, particular strangers, to ask for a summons for perjury, not against themselves, but against a gentleman named Herb. Druce, a man of the highest business respectability, and of unblemished moral character."

Myth from Beginning to End. The summons, Sir Charles proceeded, was, after a protracted hearing by Mr. Plowden, dismissed, and so far as the reputation of Mr. Herbert Druce was concerned, he left the court with his character as a man of truth and honour substantiated and confirmed. Counsel described as a "myth from beginning to end" the defendant's story that she was the daughter of Robert Lennox Stewart and a connection of Gen. Scott, and that she was born in Rome. Dealing with the defendant's story that she was brought from Italy to England and adopted by Robert and Isabella Anderson, who lived in Holden, Westminster, Sir Charles asserted that, as a fact, defendant's birth certificate showed that she was the eldest child of this couple, Mr. Anderson being a flax manufacturer. She was baptised as Margaret Jane Anderson. Her father had never, said Sir Charles, had any friendship or intimacy with the Duke of Portland.—The hearing was again adjourned.

#### G. H. DRUCE, LIMITED.

#### PROPOSAL TO WIND UP THE COMPANY.

A meeting of the shareholders of G. H. Druce (Ltd.) was held for the purpose of considering a proposal that the company should go into voluntary liquidation. The resolution put before the meeting was in the following terms:—

That it has been proved to the satisfaction of this meeting that the company cannot by reason of its liabilities continue its business, and that it is advisable to wind up the same, and accordingly that the company be wound up voluntarily, and that Mr. Stanley Howard Bersey, of 6, Holborn Viaduct, in the City of London, chartered accountant, be and is hereby appointed liquidator for the purpose of such winding up.

The Chairman (Mr. G. Hollamby Druce) immediately proceeded to move the resolution given above. Reading rapidly from a typewritten paper, he said the whole of the capital subscribed had been exhausted. The capital had been expended in the action for the prosecution of the claim of Mr. Geo. Hollamby Druce, and not only had the capital been exhausted, but there were liabilities amounting altogether to about £300. It was, therefore, quite obvious that the company could not continue its business, and he would ask the shareholders presently to unanimously vote that the company be wound up voluntarily, and that a liquidator be appointed in the terms of the resolution. "There is one thing I wish to make clear to you," the Chairman continued, "and it is this. The winding-up will not in any way affect the proceedings to establish the claim of Mr. Geo. Hollamby Druce. The liquidator will go into that claim, and after giving it careful consideration will take steps either to proceed with the action or to drop it as he may be advised. The winding-up of the company does not interfere with the shareholders' rights in the company. If there are assets to be distributed they will be so distributed at the proper time. Mr. Crichton formally seconded the resolution, which was at once put to the meeting and declared to be carried unanimously.

#### BISHOP'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Dr. Henry, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, while presiding at a sacred concert in St.

Mark's Hall, Belfast, was taken un-

well, and died before he could be removed from the hall. The late prelate, who was a native of Ballycastle, co. Antrim, was bishop of the diocese for a considerable number of years, and during that time came into sharp conflict with the United Irish League, which resulted in his parishioners forming into two strongly defined groups. Dr. Henry, who was over 60 years of age, was in apparently good health during the day, and his death is believed to be due to heart failure.

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LATE DR. HENRY.

## A LOSS TO ART.

### DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

#### "OLIVER PAQUE."

One of the best-hearted of Bohemians and most gifted of English artists has, at the age of 62, recently passed away. No doubt many of our readers have many a time admired the snapshot-like impressions of current events of the day which appeared over the familiar signature of "Oliver Paque." There was no mistaking his vivacious pen pictures of houses. Few of his confidants of the past could equal his lively notes of the friend of man by the way a very fine example of his work in this direction is to be found in the act-drop of the London Hippodrome—and his



THE LATE MR. W. H. PIKE.

style was distinctly original. Mr. W. H. Pike, known to his very sincere and admiring friends as "Billy Pike," was born at Plymouth, and at an early age showed his strong inclination towards the pen and brush. He received his early education at the Plymouth Public School, where the

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## LOST MINERS.

### MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

#### ALL BODIES RECOVERED.

#### KING'S SYMPATHY AND ASSISTANCE.

The bodies of all the unfortunate miners who lost their lives in the Hamstead colliery, Great Barr, near Birmingham, have now been recovered. The entombed men numbered 25, so that the total death toll including Welsby, the man who lost his life while engaged in the work of attempted rescue, is 26. These are the official figures. The official report of the first discovery of the bodies states that the rescue party, consisting of three Drago men, Wright, the three-man, each with a bearer carrying the apparatus, and accompanied by Mr. H. R. M. Henshaw, and Mr. Rose (Hamstead), descended the pit and proceeded to a point 1,200 yards from the pit-bottom, which had been reached by the previous party. Here the apparatus was worn, and the bearer left behind. The party proceeded in the bye, and explored a large portion of the north workings. In the course of the search, which was impeded by several falls of roof, they discovered a group of 11 men with their faces to the ground, none of them showing signs of a struggle, and all appearing to have passed away peacefully. Two other men were found lying by themselves in the same peaceful attitude. The explorers also found 20 to 30 dead horses. Subsequently the body of another man was found, making 14 in all.

A Pathetic Message. On Thursday six more bodies were found by the searchers. According to an official report issued the same evening, the search party traversed practically the whole of the south workings, and found the six bodies lying at a door in a peaceful attitude, and

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—Thos. Fox gave evidence of identification. Welsby was a deputy, 30 years of age, and lived at Lee Bridge. Fox explained that he had himself prepared apparatus to join the party, but he followed next day. — Mr. Barrow, chairman of the Hamstead colliery directors, expressed his own deep sympathy, and that of his colleagues, with the widow and family of Welsby, who, to save the lives of others, gave his own. "Greater love hath no man than this," quoted Mr. Barrow, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." — Mr. P. Waltho, foreman of the jury, also offered sympathy. Welsby had proved himself a hero. — The jury also deeply sympathized with the directors and officials of the colliery. The inquest was adjourned to Wednesday, March 25, at 10 o'clock.

A Few Yards from Safety. One of the expert rescuers, Cranswick has met with an accident. He burst his thigh while exploring, either with a pickaxe, or some other chemical. He has received attention, but will be unable to work for at least a week. It is now stated that there is no doubt that Welsby, in his heroic attempt to save the entombed men, went too far into the workings; that his oxygen had been spent, and he suffered practically the same fate as the miners, which he was wearing shows that the oxygen was exhausted. Eleven of the first lot discovered were within a few yards of safety when they were overcome. Their lamps were standing near them, and a few yards from where they were found were doors leading to the return airway. Had they not through these doors they would, in the opinion of the officials, been able to beat the smoke-charged air in the race to the pit bottom, inasmuch as the air had to circulate through the workings.

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## THE LONDON ROUNDABOUT.

### III.—THE A LA MODE BLEF SHOP,

By CHRIS.

The A La Mode Blef Shop seems to have insinuated itself into the Cockney's cuisine in the early days of the Victorian era. For the main ingredients, a general preparation of this toothsome and wholesome dish we are indebted to our artistic neighbours, the French. A title of pompous proportions, viz., "Bouillon," covers the birth-dish of what is generally known to the trustful epicure of the Anglo-Saxon race as "à la mode beef." It consists of the choicest fresh (not salted) portion of the ox boiled in its own liquor. The latter is consumed as a "pottage," while the first is served up as a joint in the form of "beef à la mode." However, required a genius to adapt this dish to the requirements of the English palate. The appetizing moment at times brings forth the man. In this case he arose in the shape of Wilkinson, a name which was henceforth to become associated with that telling double syllable, "replete," and also summons up to the sensitive dyspeptic a multitude of memories in the shape of a series of not-to-be-forgotten minutes of indigestible nightmares.

This genius of our modern golden days combined the two dishes in one, and adding a piquant purée of potatoes boiled in their nice brown jackets, and carrots of a rich orange hue, it at once caught the fancy of the public, and henceforth his name became blessed in the circles of those who love their meals above all things to be of a solid and well-filling order.

In the days before I pursued the hair-restorer advertisements with growing interest I visited the A La Mode Blef Shop twice. The first time I was invited to dine by an actor, who confessed with rapid, rapacious eyes and a mouth full of the delectable speciality that he had a "penchant" for "Alley." I rather fancy it was more of an economical purpose than his "penchant" which took him there.

I noticed on this visit that the favourite waiter was a "William," and he was of a mighty form and voice. The next time I, in my turn, took an Irishman, who pointed out the excellent boiled salt beef with a mighty garnishing of vegetables. He was the only man whom I have ever met who had three helpings. His eloquent after-dinner silence was an excellent tribute to the viands.

There was still a "William," but he was of a different shape and had shrunk in size. On this occasion, witnessed for the first time an episode with which the presiding Williams and their subordinates were rather familiar. As we entered there was a furnished-looking man, whose chief traits were a pair of furtive eyes and a shabby silk hat, sitting in the corner next the door. My Hibernian friend was just in the middle of his second helping, when there was a sort of rustle, the flash of a shabby top hat, a rattle of cane, and a loud slam of the door, followed by a stentorian shout of "William, there's another 'Alley' gone!"

It was more curiosity than an appetite which took me to one of the more famous of the "A la mode" shops, which have sadly dwindled down in numbers. There were the same stiff-backed pews, the same mightily salt-cellar and mustard-pot, and the same rich black porter served up as it should be in its natural power and heat, and better than all their old associations, there was still a William.

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set. When set it should be placed across in all directions, and some of the eggs should be laid out of it with a cup. After this the egg should be laid in a dish, which should be laid out of a colander, and from this it should be put into either a wooden or a tin chest, moved in layers with salt between. The curd should be fairly dry before this is done. The mould must be covered and turned every day; only a very light weight should be laid over it. Two nights have gone by the chest should be transferred to a muslin bag, and this must be hung in a dry, airy place, where no sun can get on it. The best cheese-making months are May and June. The smaller the cheese the quicker it ripens. Usually cheese is made in either round or cylindrical, but a cheese can be made in any strong box of wood with gimlet holes bored through the top, bottom, and sides, and a lid tightly in the lid, and as the cheese shrinks the lid presses it.

To Skin Birds for Stuffing or Dressed Specimens. To commence the skinning make an incision from the breastbone to the vent, then with a small piece of smoothed wool carefully work the skin down the neck. When the leg is reached cut through the knee joint and clear the skin as far as possible. When cleared wrap a piece of cotton round the neck, first, however, treating the bone with a good rinsing of arsenical soap, and put a little also on the cotton wool in which you wrap it. Now continue working the skin from the flesh towards the tail, and divide the spine near the tail, but you must be very careful not to cut into the tail feathers, or they will fall out and spoil the specimen. Throughout all this process you should have powdered plaster of Paris close by so that if by mistake you have cut too deep in the body of the bird, the blood or fluids run too freely, you can at once sprinkle the powder on the spot and so prevent it from injuring the feathers. Continue to work the skin from the back and on the wings, cutting off the bone. The whole skin will then be free from the body below, and the next difficulty will be to carefully transfer the skin to the prepared head until the eyeballs are well exposed. This is perhaps the most delicate portion of the operation, as there is always a danger of carrying the skin into the eye. When the skin is inside out. Having fully exposed the eyeballs, the whole of the back of the neck may be cut off, and the eyes and brains taken out and dressed with arsenical soap and filled with cotton wool. At this point the entire inside of the skin should be well brushed over with arsenical soap, not omitting the smallest spot. The head should then be carefully drawn out by the beak and the neck returned to its natural position and the body filled with dry cotton wool or wadding.

Roast Neck of Veal. Take the best end of the neck, say four to six pounds, joint the neck and trim it nicely, then set it to roast at a very moderate fire and plentifully baste it well every 10 minutes, for veal is a dry meat if you do not baste it. Basting at first baste it with butter and then with its own gravy. It will need from an hour and a half to two hours for cooking. For the last quarter of an hour you should bring the joint nearer the fire and during that time abundantly sprinkle it with salt. Serve with the gravy over the meat, having first carefully strained and freed it from fat. It is an improvement to add the juice of lemon and a small piece of fresh butter.

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(W. LOTINGA).

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## 15

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